AND OTHER STORIES.

BY "M. QUAD".

Special attention is called to the fact that THE BEE has exclusive use in its territory of

"M. Quad's" current writings. [Copyrighted 1852 by C. B. Lewis.] A WORD IN KINDNESS.-Two days ago his bonor the mayor (which is ourself) received a written communication from the leader of Major Throckmorton's gang of cowboys to the effect that he was coming in with his crowd at an early date to capture and hold the town and have some fun. His honor was advised not to interfere with the program, if

he desired to live on and continue to enjoy the best climate in the world. We wish, as editor of the Kicker and mayor of the town (elected by a large majority), to say a word or two in kindness to this crowd. As editor we have slways extended a warm welcome to the boys, and on two or three occasions we have mounted our mule and "done" the town with them.

But things have changed. As editor we could do things which would be beneath the dignity of the mayor. The crowd can come in and shoot The Kicker office full of holes, but their fun must stop right there. As mayor we have a duty to perform and shall perform it. If the boys attempt to take the perform it. If the boys attempt to take the town we shall rally our body guard and wipe out as many of them as possible. We shall shoot to kill, and we can positively guarantee that from six to ten of the gang will be left on the street and buried at the expense of the town. This town can't be run by outsid-

ers. It can't be run except according to the rules and ordinances laid down.

We want the cowboys to get all possible enjoyment out of life, and we want every citizen of the town to feel and realize that it is good to be here, even if they are dead broke half the time, but there must be a limit to the game. The gang who attempts to monkey with the peace and order of this burg will find eight two handed shooters on deck and loaded to the chin, and if any get

away it won't be our fault.
Told flim So-On Wednesday night at about 11 o'clock we were aroused from peace ful slumbers by Major Turner tapping on the alley window and informing us that the boys were going to hang Shoshone Bill and wanted our rope and our assistance. We were speedily dressed and en route with the major to the usual spot. Three weeks ago we dropped a gentle hint to Bill in our local columns that he had struck the wrong and ought to move on. He sent us word that we were off our feed and hadn't sized him up correctly. We were pretty well atisfied that our diagnosis was correct and that the boys would soon taken hand in, and we were right. Shoshone Bill was in the care of thirty determined men, and like the average bluffer his sand was all gone. As editor of The Kicker we brought a rope, but as mayor we advised the boys to give Bill one more chance. He was elevated and owered times enough to give him a fair idea of what a regular hanging would be, and then set free and headed to the west and told He didn't stop to ask any quesions about the route, and there is no fear of

The Kicker has never made a mistake on a man yet. When a chap who thinks he is a bad man and goes bluffing around with a chip on his shoulder sees a double-leaded notice in our local columns to the effect that land can be had further west at 50 cents an acre, he should take it as a nint and start out to look for a farm. Those who have been obstinate out it have met with a surprise which was both sudgen and painful.

Don't Want It-Our contemporary down the street, failing to make the public believe that we had to leave Connecticut for stealing a cow, now charges us with seeking to assas-sinate the postmaster of this town so as to secure his place. We could not secure tho appointment even should be resign in our favor. The Kicker and Mr. Wanamaker have always been antagonistic. We don't like his way of running things, and he re-fuses to subscribe for our paper. There is a yawning gulf between us, and neither of us cares a continental cocked hat for the other. True, we have shot the postmaster three times on three different occasions, and he has shot at us at least a dozen times, but those were side issues. No one can make him belive we want his place, and we refuse to believe that he inspired the article referred to. We shall probably shoot him again within a month if our mail is not de-livered more promptly, but he will under-stand our motive and do us full justice.

THE MAN WHO SUSPECTED IT.

No man would have noticed him as he sat in the waiting room of the Erie depot with a satchel between his feet but for his cough. He was about fifty years old, plainly dressed and his cough was a cross between the sound of a horse fiddle and the roar of an enraged ilon. On a still day it could have be neard almost across the state of Rhode It lasted about three minutes and it moved him about five feet along the bench on which he was sitting. When he had fin-ished he turned to a man who seemed anx-ious about his condition and said: "Scuse me, but I can't help it; I've had this cough for ten years."
"Can't you cure it?" asked the other.

"No. Spent over \$500 and it ain't no better. 'Tain't no cough from catchin' cold or anything of that sort. I swallered sunthin' in my sleep and it lodged down there some-

in my sleep and it lodged down there some-where. I shan't git no better till I cough it up. Here she goes agin."

He stood up and he sat down again. He rocked to and fro, and he coughed to the right and left. Every one who saw him ex-pected to see him explode and fly in pieces. He was making one last tremenduous effort when semetting fell on the floor in front of him and the man who had been speaking him, and the man who had been speaking with him stepped forward and picked up the object and said:

"You seem to have coughed it up at last, and I congratulate you."

"W-what is it?" queried the cougher.
"Why, I should say it was a tonka bean."
"Tonka bean, ch? Yes, I guess it is, I remember now. We had a dozen of 'em around the house, and I've alius susceeded that I was just beggenously to wallow years. that I was just hog enough to swallow every blamed one of 'em! Kinder stand back, all of you, and lemme see if I kin reise the other leven and go home a happy man!"

BROTHER GARDNER'S MAXIMS.

A mewl may be blind in one eye, but I hev allus noticed dat he kicks on dat side jest as quick as on de odder. In de case of mewls it's de hoofs you want to look out fur. Comets may cum an' comets may go, but it's our bizness to keep right on white-washin' at regular figgers, jest de same as if comets was sellin' for 2 cents apiece at de

co'ner grocery.

While I ar' constitus hunsily opposed to de theory of lynch law, I bev invariably noticed dat de practice of it nebber seems to hurt anybody 'cept de man who counted on a trial

any body 'cept de man who counted on a trial an' a disagreement of de jury.

Any fule kin kick agin sarcumstances, but it am de wise man who conquers misfortune an apits on his hands to tackic advarsity.

I nev knowed instances of a county treasurer mysteriously disappearin' an' his accounts bein' found all right, but I didn't give him any credit for it. He simply skipped a cogg somewhar.

cogg somewhar.
So long as liberty was a persimmon growin' on the highest branch of de tree everybody looked up to it wid reverence. Now dat it has become a pumpkin kickin' around under foot nobody pays any attenshun.

M. QUAD'S LFAP YEAR EXPERIENCES.

There is no sort of doubt in my mind that whenever the month of February has twenty-nine days in it an unmarried woman has a perfectly legal and moral right to propose matrimony to any man she thinks will fill the bill. In fact, no one can advance any other plaurible reason why February should ever have over twenty-eight days in it. The extra day was added to give woman a fair show, and it ought to be taken advantage of in every locality.

ters. I have been a widow for two years and am tired of it. Will you marry me?" Wasn't that nice! Could any man have asked for anything better! I took her hand asked for anything better! I took her hand and told her how sorry I was that I already had a wife, and therefore couldn't entertain her proposal. We couldn't marry then, but I'd put her name down at the head of the list and give her the first show. I was living in a house next to a church with a tall steeple which woulded when the wind blow, and there was no tolling when that steeple would fall and make me a widower.

fall and make me a widower. The widow flow mad. She also flow for a shotgon. I likewise flow away. That's the trouble with the sex. When one of them is rejected she takes it too much at heart. In-stead of gracefully walking away to pine and droop and go into a decline, they want to pull hair and raise a row.

On the second occasion I was scated on a

veranda in the summer twitight with an old maid. I was not there to press her soft, white hand and tell her that one little word from her would make me the happiest man in all creation. I was there to offer her \$3 cash down for a dog, which I proposed to take out and kill without an hour's delay. Susan suddenly caddled up to me, and said that she had loved me for years, but feared to break the joyful tidings. She could stand it no longer. Without me life would be as dark as down or collar at midnight; if I would have her, the world would at once approach paradise within 5 per cent. I hung off till I found that she wanted \$50 for the dosr, and then I told her that she had spoken too late. Ony ten minuutes before I reached her side another girl had asked me to be hers, and I had given her a promise in writing. We would be brother a promise in writing. We would be brother and sister. She might sit in our new at church and play with our children, but I— I gave her a splendid opportunity to retire with honor, but she would't take it. She leaped up and scatched my nose and ruined my bat, and as I fied she encouraged that miserable dog to follow and harass me and lump me over fences. I cannot believe that he truly loved me, and would have given me the tender care and protection a husband ex-

On the third occasion I was driving over a highway in the state of Illinois. A long, lank girl with pink sunbonnet and bare feet and carrying a piece of sassafras root in her queenly left hand, suddenly jumped the rail fence from a corn field and stood before me in an agitated state. I had only to glance into her beautiful orbs to read the truth she loved me! How long she had been at it can't say, for girls are very deceptive about these matters, but probably a long time— ever since the old horse raised the dust two miles away. I know what was coming, and my cheeks were suffused with blushes and my heart beat tumultuously. I don't think she read my answer in my eyes, for I was wearing blue goggles, but in pity I tried to stop her. It was no use, however. She put one foot on the hup of a fore wheel, gave me the biggest half of the sussafras root and

tenderly said:
"Stranger, I'm old Bill Johnson's daughter Sat, 29 years old, sound as a brick, and I can hoe more corn, cut more grass and plant a bigger 'tater patch in one day than any man in the county. What do you say to hitchin' up with me!"

I tried to appear coy and pretended not to understand her, and she brought her hand down "spat!" on the old horse, killed a big horsefly and continued:
"It's leap year and I'm going to git a hus-

band or bust! Here she is, stranger, right from the shoulder—will you have me?" Although fully expecting the proposal, I had to place both hands over my heart to preent the belt slipping off. In a broken vo with frequent pauses for breath, I told her that it could, never, never be. That steeple no longer wobbled, having been braced anew, and the future held out no bright hope. It grieved me to reject her love, but I had to do it. She must have realized how much in earnest I was, and now painful it was to go back on a girl six feet long, and for a time she was pensive and thoughtful. It was her first offer, and to be rejected was like the stab of a knife. By and by, however, she rallied from the blow. She bit off about three inches of the root for a new quid, kicked a horsefly off the hind leg of old Dopbin, and forgivingly said:

"Wall, old man, I'm going to let you off, owing to circumstances, but that tin peddler comin up the road is my mutton or you'll hear of a tragedy!" That evening the tin pegaler drove into the village where I was stopping, and I made some inquiries. He was a doomed man. He had promised to be hers, and her old dad was

guarding the road out of town with a shot-gun to see that he didn't escape.

THE ROAR OF GREAT GUNS.

Here are two field batteries- twelve six they can be loaded. The reports blend into a roar, and you must raise your voice as if a burricane was howling about you. You are not impressed, but rather aggravated and annoyed. There's a snap to each report like the cracking of a great whip—a spiteful sound which reminds you of a dog following at your heels with his yelp! yelp! yelp! There is no more trying situation for a soldier than to be lying down in support of a battery. He is only a few yards in front of battery. He is only a few yards in front of the guns, and he not only feels the full force of the concussion as communicated to the earth from the "kick" of the gun, but the report itself seems to strike the spinal column and travel up to the back of the head. Then,

too, there is the fear of shells exploding pretoo, there is the fear of shells exploding pre-maturely or of grape and canister "drib-bling," to cause wounds or death, and it is a positive relief to see a column of the enemy break cover for a charge. The roar of the guns does not linger for hours after, as is the case with mortars and siege guns but you find your nerves on edge and your temper spoiled for a day or two. The men who lay in lines with a battery tring over them proin lines with a battery firing over them pro-bably endured more mental suffering than the enemy at whom the guns were pointed. The fire of great guns is terribly trying for the first few minutes, but this feeling grad-ually gives way to one of awe and sublimity. There is something so terrific and appalling—you feel yourself so atomiess in com-parison—that you would speak in whispers if the roar should suddenly cease, You are an

onlooker; if assisting to work a gun physical activity would take away from the mental When Admiral Porter got his twenty mortar boats, each armed with a eight and a half ton mortar and a thirty-two-pound rifle ball, at work against the forts below New Orleans, and the big guns in both forts had opened in reply, there was something axin to the sound of heaven and earth coming together. The mortar shells weighed over 200 pounds apiece, and the rush of them through the air made one's hair feel as if it crawled. When the firing had continued until all reports had been merged into one steady roar there was little short of an earthquake on land or sea for ten mice around. The earth shook as if a great steam hammer was ball, at work against the forts below New

shook as if a great steam hammer was pounding it a few yards from your feet. If standing near a tree you could feel the roots letting go of the soil with a sound like bugs crawling over dry leaves. On the water great mud spots rose up here and there to show where the earth forty feet below had been disturbed. In the Mississippi river it-self huge cattish leaped above the surface in fright and pain or floated belly up and were carried along with the current gasping for preath. Out on blue water air bubbles as large as dining plates floated to the surface and bursted with a snap, and fish of all kinds exhibited the greatest confusion and nlarm.

Thirty cities away the roar was like that of a gale sweeping over a pine forest, Horses and cattle sought to hide away, birds flew about uttering cries of distress and dogs pointed their noses toward the say and howled dismally. Birds and fowls felt the air and earth waves long before human beings did, and their actions were so queer as to become alarming. The coming of the roar to those afar off was preceded by a jarring of the earth and a meaning in the air. Springs overflowed and the water in wells circled around as in a whiripool. The wildest species of birds left the woods and thickets and came flying about the houses, and rabbits deserted their burrows and sought the companionship of domestic animals. The thunder storms of a server of years combined thunder storms of a score of years combined

could not have rent the heavens nor dis-turbed the solid earth as that canonade did-If the beriening was painful and exasper-ating the ending was something to be remem-bered for its grandeur. One mortar after matrimony to any man she thinks will fill the bill. In fact, no one can advance any other plauvible reason why February should ever have over twenty-eight days in it. The extra day was added to give woman a fair show, and it ought to be taken advantage of in every locality.

It has been my sad and painful duty to reject the hearts of several females offered me in leap year, and I never look back over the list without wishing that it had been otherwise. One leap year night, many years ago, I found lodgings in the cabin of a Tennessee mountain widow. Next day, when I was ready to resume my journey, she stood of ore me and said:

"I am thirty-two years oid, good-tempered, kind hearted and economical in money mat-

GRAND ARMY DEPARTMENT

A Beautiful Testimonial Presented to Senator Manderson by the Nineteenth Ohio.

THE FIRST BLOOD SPILLED IN THE WAR

Remarkable Escape of an Indiana Soldier from Being Buried Alive-A Statue of Sheridan in San Francisco-Camp Fire Tales,

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20 .- [Special to THE BEE. |- It is an era of buttons. Every one seems to have one in his coat lapel-Masome and emblematic, trade and professional, military and civilian. Here in Washington you see them in endless profusious, from the tiny bine and white silk puffed insignia of Sons of the American Revolution to the red, white and blue badge of the Loyal Legion. But the most interesting to the mass is the plain bronze emblem of the Grand Army of the Republic. To me it always speaks of comradship and fellowship in danger, of action at the front and not at the desk, of swords unsheathed amid shell and shot, and not worn only at inspection or gress parade. I enjoy hearing three or four of the old timers with the bronze patent of patriotism and pluck on their coats get together and swap reminiscences of the olden time or renew acquaintances made when it cost something to

'touch the clbow." Three members of the Nineteenth Ohio sat the other day in Senator Manderson's committee room talking with the senator. They were members of the regiment in command of a company of which Captain Charles F. Manderson of Canton, O., was captain at the outbreak of the war and they were discussing the result of a regimental association meeting held lest August in Detroit, when the following resolution was passed:

the following resolution was passed:

"On motion of Comrade Julius Bracher, a committee consisting of Julius Bracher, Company H, Gallon, O.; Captain W. A. Knapp, Company, F, Washington, D. C., and Thomas H. Dally, Company A, Goshen, Ind., was appointed to procure a gavel to be made out of wood obtained from each of the battle fields on which Colonel Manderson with his regiment was engaged, and to have the name of each battle engraved thereon, and present the same to our beloved Colonel Charles F. Manderson, now scrator from Nebraska and president pro tem of the United States senate."

In compliance with the resolution the com-In compliance with the resolution the com-mittee procured a gavel beautifully made of nine different pieces of wood and bound to-gether with a gold band bearing the inscription stated in the accompanying letters. The letter from the committee is as follows:

letter from the committee is as follows:

"Dear Sir: At the regular meeting of the Nineteenth Regiment Ohio Infantry association, held in Detroit, Mich., August 6 uitime, the undersigned were appointed a committee to procure and present to your a gavel to be made of woods from the different battlefields on which you were engaged with the said regiment, and to have engaged with the said regiment so of the resolution is herewith transmitted.

"It was the intention of the committee to make the present action at the opening of the present session of congress; but unavoidable delays occurred, and it is only quite recently that the committee has been able to comply with the requirements of the resolution.

"It is now our pleasant duty to present to you on behalf of the surviving members of

that the committee has been able to comply with the requirements of the resolution.

"It is now our pleasant duty to present to you, on behalf of the surviving members of the regiment which you commanded with such signal ability, the accompanying token of their love and esteem for you personally and of their great gratification at your elevation to the exalted position you now occupy in the councils of the nation.

It is a small thing we offer you; but the names inscribed thereon tell an eventful story—a story of loyal service and heroic endeavor; of duty nobly done; of weary marches, nation endurance and hard fought battles; of "hair-breadth escapes;" of trials, sufferings and death; of victories and defeats. It tells also of the admiration, respect and love borne by brave men for a wise and gallant leader. It is an emblem of the unswerving loyalty, of the undanted bravery in the face of imminent dance, and of the steadfast devotion to duty exhibited by you as a soldier; of the kindly and careful consideration for your subordinates which you have shown as an officer, and of the wisdom and patriotism you have displayed as a legislator. As such we beg you to receive it, with the assurance that no one can more heartly rejoice in your continued prosperty and further advancement than your former companions in arms, the officers and soldiers of the "Old Nineteenth." Sincerely yours,

JULIUS BRACHER,

THOMAS H. DAILY,

W. A. KNAPP.

Committee.

Sonator Manderson who was much affected by this gift had prepared a letter since sent

Senator Manderson who was much affected by this gift had prepared a letter since sent which was as follows:

which was as follows:

March 15, 1892.—Messrs, Julius Bracher, Thomas H. Daily and William A. Knapp, committee: My Dear Comrades—I have received your kind favor informing me that at a regular meeting of the Nineteenth regiment Ohio Infantry association, held in Detroit, Mich., in August last you were appointed a committee to procure and present to me a gavol made of wood obtained from some of the battle fields in which our dear old regiment was engaged. Accompanying your letter there came to me a beautiful gavel, made of different woods, bearing the names "Rich Mountain, Shiloh, Jonesboro, Stones River, Roczy Face, Picketts Mills, Kenesaw Mountain, Missouri Ridge and Lovejoys Station" and with the inscription:

"To Brev, Brigadier General Charles F. Manderson, President protem of the United States senate from his former communions in arms of the Nineteenth regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry."

I find it, difficult to express my deep sense of obligation for and appreciation of this unique gift and am embarrassed when I read the kind and loving words, all too complimentary to your old commander, combined in the letter of transmittal. My love and esteem for those who were my companions in arms suffers no diminution as the years go by and intensi-

those who were my companions in armissuffers no diminution as the years go by and intensifies with the ever shortening line of survivors of the organization of whose record we are so proud. It is to me a matter of serious congratulation that during all the war from April, 1851, to April, 1865. I was connected with no other regiment than our own Nineteenth Ohio.

April, 1861, to April, 1865, I was connected with no other regiment than our own Nineteenth Ohio.

We had a brave and gallant leader during the first year of the war in the lamented Colonel Samuel Beatty, and if, as his successor in command credit attached to me, much was due to his vigorous discipline and couraceous example. The history of our regiment is the history of the war of the rebellion in the center west. Its noble and patriotic dead, and brave comrades, fell on every great battlefield from Rich Mountain, the first field fight of the war where Rosecrans led to victory, to Nashville, where the rebellion received the last staggering blow at the hands of our great chieftain, General George H. Thomes. Through Virginia. Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi we followed our flag, ever upholding it in herote endeavor to do our duty. No regimental commander ever had truer or braver men. They were ever ready to follow where he led and often led where he dreaded to follow. We may indeed exult in association in a regiment upon whose flag is inscribed such glorious names as Rich Mountain, Philoh. Crab Orchard. Stones River, Murfreesboro. Chiekaman a. Chattanooga, Orshard Knob. Mission Ridge, Dallins, New Hope Church, Pumpkin Vine Creek, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattahoothie, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoys Station, Franklin and Nashville.

I thank you and through you all my former

I thank you and through you all my former I thank you and through you all my former companions in arms, the surviving officers and solders of my dear old regiment, for this gift. I shall place it by the side of the brace of pistols that came to me from their hands after the desperate battle of Stone River, where the loss of 213 killed and wounded out of 449 present for duty knit us so closely together, to be cherished and most valued of my possessions. Very truly yours, CHARLES F. MANDERSON.

In conversation Senator Manderson said that the Nineteenth Ohio Infantry hal one of the most remarkable records of any in the war of the rebellion. It was organized in April, 1861, in the counties of Stark, Colum-

April, 1861, in the counties of Stark, Columbia, Manoning and Summit mainly, and also in adjoining counties in Ohio. Its first colonel was Samuel Beatty. Manderson was in the three months service, the captain of in the three months service, the captain of the right flank company of the regiment, having enlisted as a private the day that the news of Sumpter came, but joining with Beatty in raising a company, Beatty became a captain and Manderson a first lieutenant. When Beatty became colonel of the regiment Manderson became captain, The regiment in the three months' service was a part of Rosecrans' brigade in McCleilan's Army of Occupation of West Virginia. It was the first field battle of the war, Rich Mountain, and was among the first troops that entered West Virginia. It re-enlisted in September and October, 1861, and the service of the three years' regiment was nainly with the Army of the Cumberland, Manderson took command of the regiment after the battle of three years' regiment was nainly with the Army of the Cumberland. Manderson took command of the regiment after the battle of Shiloh, having participated in that engagement as acting licutenant colonel. After the battle of Mission Ridgo the regiment participated in the winter campaign of East Tennessee and on the list of January, 1864, over 400 of the men of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans. It participated in the Atlanta campaign and in the winter of 1864 was in the battles of Franklin under command of

Lieutenant Colonel Stratton, being absent from wounds received at Love-joys station. Sistember 2, 1804. The regi-ment in 1865 was sent to Texas to be a part of the column to move into Mexico and was not musteredicut of the service until Octo-

ber, 1865. Senator Manderson has never been lost sight of by his old boys in blue. Time and again he has traveled east to attend regimental reunions and address gatherings of members of his old regiment. None of them ever comes to a Washington without hunting him out and se visitor is more welcome at his committee rooms or bone than a veteran earing the little bronze button who sarved years ago under-his command in the Ning

CUSTER CITY, S. D., March 14.-To the Editor of THE BEE: I see it stated in THE BEE of the 12th that Mr. Hawkes of the pension office claims to have some of the blood of B. F. Kelley shed at Philippi as the first blood of the

The claim is not correct. The first man killed in West Virginia was Lieutenant Bailie Brown of the Grafton guards, by one of General Garnett's sentries in the town of Fetterman, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, a number of days before the battle of Philippi. I saw the shooting done in both cases and know that I am correct. Captain George R. Latham of Grafton can give B. F. HUGHS, the exact dates. C Company, Sixth West Virginia Cav-

A Remarkable Case. Mr. J. G. Wilson of Morse Bluff, Neb., vouches for the truth of the following remarkable incident, told by the Spencer Ind.) Journal:

Thomas Townsend, who resides six miles west of Spencer, Ind., is one of those who attribute their present existence to circumstances falling little short of a miracle. It was during the siege of Fort Donnelson in February, '62, that he fell, shot through the cheek by a minnie ball, which tore away his palate and left him unable to move a muscle. He retained consciousness, however, able to understand all that was going on about him. He laid on the ground twenty-four hours when a detachment of comrades came to bury the dead. He could hear them talk as they per-formed their sad duty and when they had completed his grave he learned from their conversation that he was to be interred with Comrade Haltom. The soldiers placed the corpse of his comrade in the grave. Two of them then rolled Mr. Townsend into his blanket and lifted him from the ground. His form was limp and one of them suspected that life was not yet extinct, and they left him unburied until they had completed their task. They returned in an hour and after some de bate decided to take him to camp. The same day he was placed on board a steamer with other wounded to be taken to St. Louise On the way the boat stopped to bury those who had suc-cumbed to wounds and again they gathered about him to decide whether he was alive or dead. All save a citizen physician of St Louis were of the opinion that he should be buried with the others, and it was only through his intervention that Mr. Townsend was saved. Having varrived at St. Louis this physician, to vindicate his judgment, took charge of his case. The first time that Mr. Town-send remembers having been able to move a muscle was when given a swallow of brandy soon after his arrival at his destination. His recovery was slow, but it came, and he returned to Owen county. His power of speech had left him, and in the roof of his mouth was a hole through which, by the aid of a glass, could be seen the optic nerves. For several years he was deprived of the power of speech, until a drunken, roving doctor came along and out of a silver quarter hammered a plate which he inserted in the mouth to cever the hole left by the loss of his palate. He soon was able to converse, and today he

draw a pension by special act of con-A Statue to Sheridan.

gress.

speaks with remarkable clearness. His chief suffering comes from nervous

trouble and dimness of vision caused by the wound. He is one of those who

There is a movement on foot to erect a statue in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, to General Phitip H. Sheridan, which promises to be crowned with success, as the gentlemen back of it are workers and very earnest in their purpose. The nucleus of the fund which will be required for carrying out the project, says the Chronicle, will come from the proceeds of a celebration of March 17, at which a committee of one hundred citizens was selected to co-operate with the gentlemen who conceived the idea of honoring the hero of Winchester, and to devise methods by which a sufficient amount can be secured to

make the tribute a worthy one. General Sheridan has a record for gallantry which appears to every American. His dash and bravery have been the theme of speech and song. He is one of the few heroes of the war whose acts commanded general admiration. crept into the hearts of the people and caused them to turn their eyes from the dull and sickening spectacle of men being killed to kindle with enthusiasm over a gallant achievement. This feeling has not died out; it only slumbers. to be awakened by an appeal such as that about to be made to fittingly commemorate in San Francisco a man of whom all Americans are proud.

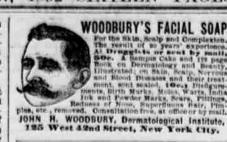
A Chance Acquaintance. Ingersoll told a good story to a party of gentlemen who were calling upon him at the Denison, two weeks ago, says the Indianapolis Journal. A gentleman entered a street car and took his seat opposite a fine, portfy, aristocratic-looking personage, whom he at once thought he recognized. He looked hard at the man for a time, until bo saw he was causing him considerable discomfiture. He then changed his seat for one beside the haudsome-looking man, and, as he did so, turned to the latter with the remark: "I beg your pardos, sir, for my question but I am so strongly seized with the impression that we have met before.

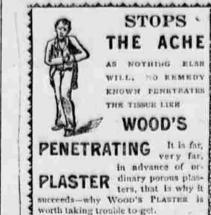
The gentleman good-naturedly replied that he, too, thought he had seen the other's face, but was at a loss to tell Both rode on in affence for some blocks,

alternately exchanging side glances, but saying never a word. Finally the man who had broached the subject broke out with, "Hold on; I have it, sir. Weren't you blown up at the battle of Vicksburg?"
"Yes?" replied the other inquiringly,
"Then that explains it. So was I.
When you were going up I was coming
down, and I thought, as I looked at you

then, that that fellow would give a good deal to be as near the ground as I am. I knew I had seen your face some place, "Now that is what I call a wonderful

said Colonel Ingersoll, with a memory," said hearty laugh. "A word to the wise is sufficient," but it is not always wise to say that word to one who is suffering the tortures of a headache. However, always risk it and recommend





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